Great N E W S from a
Parliament of Women,
Now Sitting in Roſemary-Lane,
Mother-Damnable *the Labourers Wife being Chair-Woman of this Aſſembly.*

To the Tune *of* Hey-Boys up go We : *Or* Genny Gynn.

THrough *London* ſtreets as I did paſs,
I met with a Jovial Crew,
I askt the people what they was
Mother-Damnable was there too.
They told me they were a Parliament,
And was going for to ſit,
To *Roſemary-Lane* they all was ſent,
They thought that place moſt fit.

Mother-Damnable Speaks.

Ladies all I will begin
I pray let me be bold,
I verily think it is no ſin,
A Parliament for to hold,
That we thereby ſome Laws may make,
For all the Women Ken,
At the thoughts thereof my heart doth ake,
And pity all Fooliſh Men.

My Husband he is grown a Sot,
I can't tell what to do,
He nothing minds, but Pipe and Pot,
And can't give me my due;
When he's in Bed, he falls a ſleep,
Then I am very ſad,
Therefore a Friend I'le keep,
He'l make my heart full glad.

Enters Mrs. Tireman, *Mrs.* Tattel, *Mrs.* Rattle-pate, Jane Fall-down, *and* Sarah Hold-up, two Sifter, Dorothy Do-little, *and* Tagg *the Maſons Wife, with ſeveral Hundreds more coming with weeping Tears to make their Complaints.*

Our Husbands they are Fooliſh grown,
They are very bad of late,
Let us now make uſe of our own
Elſe we may Curſe our Fate;
Our Teeming time we are like to looſe,
To us they are unkind,
We will no more be made ſuch Fools,
We'l ſeek to pleaſe our mind.

If by chance we take a turn,
Our Husbands calls us Whore,
At which it makes our minds to burn,
And long Revenge therefore.
We'l have our wills in ſpight of them,
We count it no great ſin,
Come let us Sport, and Kiſs, and Sing,
And play at In and In.

What ſhall we do? we here complain
Againſt our Husbands too,
They make us Cry and Weep amain,
Nothing they will then do:
Then grant us all a Licenſe here,
That we may Sport and Play,
And Kiſs our Friend without any fear,
By Night or elſe by Day.

If they do prate, then we will glout,
Let them ſay what they will,
If they do Curſe, then we will pout,
And ſay that we are ill.
Then they will run and fetch ſome Sack,
Thinking to make us well.
'Tis ſomething elſe that we do lack,
Which will make our Bellies ſwell.

Enters Mother-Damnables *Sifter the Waſher-Woman*, Joan *the* Tub-Woman, *and* Dorothy *the* Chimney Sweepers *Wife, almoſt dead with Grief, and Goody* Tittle Tattle, *and* Bandy Beſs *almoſt Mad.*

My heart is almoſt dead with grief,
My Husband he is ſtrange,
He will not give me any relief,
But with other Women Range.
Ten pound at a time he then will give,
To Women for to play,
At the thoughts of this I ſcarce can live,
'Tis truth what I do ſay.

Then *Bandy Beſs* runs in a main,
And againſt the Speaker braules,
Let me ſit in the Chair again,
And I will pleaſe you all:
Mother-Damnable hearing what was ſaid,
Out of the Chair ſhe gets,
Diſcovering all the tricks ſhe plaid,
Away ſhe goes and frets.

So at the laſt they did agree,
And call'd them in together,
That they ſhould have Husbands three,
Becauſe they are Birds of a Feather;
And at theſe words they all were glad,
And fell a Dancing there,
They all do ſwear, they won't be ſad,
But will drink good Ale and Beer.

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